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# Requests {CLOSED TEMP.}

**The moment you have all been waiting for... requests have reopened!**

**Rules remain as follows:**

1.) Please make requests on this chapter or privately message me for anonymity

2.) Include desired cat for the story (open to OCs if you give ample information)

3.) Include a prompt or rough idea for the plot **(optional)**

4.) I may refuse requests if they include overly dark or inappropriate topics

**I will try to get to all requests as soon as possible. Thank you and enjoy!**

# Runningwind x Reader ~ Like An Old Married Couple

As you raced through the trees, the wind buffeted your fur and whistled in your ears. Adrenaline pumped through your veins as your paws drummed the well-worn trail. You were gaining and gaining, slowly but surely.

When you were right on Runningwind's heels, you lunged. Just as your jaws were preparing to clamp down on his tail, he jerked it away from your reach as if he had eyes on the back of his head. With a snap, your mouth closed around the open air.

"Don't think you can beat me that easily!" Runningwind taunted. He threw a glance back at you over his shoulder with that familiar glint in his eyes, still sprinting full-speed ahead.

"Well..." you panted, "don't think you can escape me so easily!"

Before he could respond, you leapt to his side in one long stride and swiped out with a paw. He tried to leap over it but to no avail. You caught his forepaws with your own, and he flipped over onto his back, kicking up dust and grass as he tumbled across the ground. He groaned as he crashed into a bramble thicket, and you skidded to a halt beside him. You burst into the sort of wild laughter that made your flanks ache.

"Stop enjoying yourself and help me out of here!" he howled with a wince. The thicket rustled with his repeated--or rather failed--attempts to upright and free himself.

"Okay, okay," you meowed as your laughter faded. "Keep your fur on."

You carefully lifted a branch with one paw and gripped his scruff with your teeth, tugging him out gingerly while his claws scrabbled away at the ground. He yelped as the thorns raked down the fur of

his back.

"Sorry," you mumbled through his fur.

After a moment's respite, you tightened your jaw and reared back, yanking him with you. With another yelp of pain and surprise, he was freed from the thorn bush. The sudden lack of resistance sent you lurching backward. Landing with a heavy *thud*, you fell into the sand, Runningwind on top of you.

His green eyes met yours, and it was almost like staring straight through him at the luscious canopy above. He seemed just as lost in your gaze, the two of you falling in love all over again--for the umpteenth time. Then he shifted and began tugging at his fur.

"You know... I love you deeply, I do, but right now, you need to help me get all these thorns out," he joked, wincing as he stepped away from you and onto a thorn in his pad.

With a *mrrow* of laughter, you began to pick brambles from his pelt, your whiskers twitching in amusement as he cringed each time you plucked one. When it was down to just his paw pads, you figured it was best left to the professionals.

"Let's get you back to Yellowfang and Cinderpelt," you suggested. You gave his scraped-up cheek an affectionate, maybe slightly apologetic, lick.

"Let's," he agreed, giving his pelt a shake and deliberately showering you in dust and tufts of fur. You shook your head in amusement, brushing up against his flank as the two of you trekked back through the forest toward camp.

"This is all your fault, y'know," he teased.

"Yeah, yeah, I love you too."

# Cloudtail x Reader ~ Keeping Score

You watched, still hidden, as Cloudtail slowly crept toward the bramble bush. His muscles rippled beneath the fluff of his white pelt, and you nearly lost focus. As you shook your head to clear your mind, he lunged at last and tore through the thorny bush. His prey took flight at the sound, and his claws whizzed past the thrush's tail feathers, missing it by just one more claw-length.

Quick as a flash, you sprang out of your cover in the bracken. You were weightless for a moment, snagging the little bird in your jaws and twisting  midair to land gracefully on your feet.

"Me one, Cloudtail none," you teased as haughtily as you could manage and dropped the thrush at your paws before giving it a shallow burial.

"Bad luck," he mumbled in excuse, though his whiskers twitched in amusement. "For me..."

"C'mon, let's keep going," you meowed with a soft purr of laughter. As you brushed past him, you flicked his ear with the tip of your tail teasingly. He only sighed playfully and followed.

The two of you padded toward the RiverClan border until you reached Sunningrocks. A vole scuttled among the stones, searching for seeds. Cloudtail reflexively dropped into the hunter's crouch while you stood back, waiting. He prowled toward his unsuspecting prey with feather-light steps. In one swift motion, he stretched out his paws as he leapt at the little creature.

Yet again, when he was least expecting it, you darted out in front of him and scooped the vole up in your claws, finishing it with a nip to the neck. He groaned in exasperation.

"That's two!" you boasted, lazily tossing dirt over your kill yet again.

"I'm going to catch *you* next," he threatened lightly.

You let out a *mrrow* of laughter. "That is, if you can catch me..."

As Cloudtail lunged for you, you pelted off through the undergrowth. He took off on your heels as you sped upstream, leaping over brambles and weaving between bracken fronds to evade him.

Taking advantage of your smaller size, you ducked and slipped under a shrub. Cloudtail skidded into it before racing around its branches and chasing after you again. You lashed your tail in your wake, successfully smacking him across the muzzle. He swatted it away with a paw and spit fur from his mouth.

Still, you couldn't quite shake him. Feeling tricky, you turned to take your favourite shortcut along the wall of the gorge materialising ahead. You leapt gracefully down the tumble of stone and onto the sandy bank of the river, but Cloudtail was one step ahead of you. With a squeak of surprise, you ran into him and fell backward with the force. You purred with laughter and rolled onto your paws, but he stepped on your tail to revoke any chance of escape.

"Two to one," he stated triumphantly, like a challenge.

"Oh, it's so on!"

The moment you were free of his grasp, you leapt up the short wall of the gorge and hauled yourself over the edge. You took off, scrambling toward the undergrowth in another escape attempt. Cloudtail followed a few fox-lengths behind but was gaining. Thinking fast, you slipped into a cavern of exposed roots beneath a beech tree.

Cloudtail bolted past, and you heard the sound of his paw steps slowly die out. You sighed, letting out a breath you didn't realise you were holding. After poking your head out to doublecheck he was gone, you clambered out of the sheltered rut. You trotted out, back onto the path; just when you were about to break into a run, a heavy paw pinned your tail to the ground once again.

You gasped and turned your head only to see that Cloudtail had doubled back and snuck up behind you. He gave you a self-satisfied look, which you rolled your eyes at and yanked your tail from his grip.

"How about a tie-breaker?" you suggested.

He let out a little *mrrow* of laughter but agreed. "I'll race you to Snakerocks."

"How about to the Great Sycamore?"

"Deal."

"On your mark!" you meowed, getting low and wriggling your haunches. Was it a distraction tactic? Maybe.

"Get set..." Cloudtail joined in, crouching as well but his eyes still on you. Two could play at that sort of game though, so he laid his tail across your hips as if to still them.

"Go!"

With your tail streaming behind you, you tore off toward your destination. Cloudtail was lagging behind but still close on your heels. Your paws drummed the forest floor, startling a bird or two in the undergrowth, to which you paid no mind. The brambles nearly tripped you at one point, but you still reached the sycamore first, only kitsteps ahead of a breathless Cloudtail.

"Better luck next time, slow poke," you teased, your tail flicking behind you as you circled him, catching your own breath.

He only dropped into a crouch in response, eyes full of mischief. You halted and cocked your head at him in confusion before realising too little too late--he lunged and bowled you over. After a few rolls, he had you pinned.

You stuck your tongue out at him and went limp, pouting. "You're such a sore loser."

He purred with laughter as he shook his head at your antics. He

dipped his head toward you, catching you off-guard as he nuzzled his cheek against yours affectionately.

"Now we're even."

# Stonefur x Reader ~ Reunion

Spoilers ahead!

**(Just after Whitethroat's death in Rising Storm )**

Thorn-sharp claws sunk into your chest as the rogue pinned you. You thrashed around, but his weight kept you down. Your lungs refilled as Leopardfur bowled him off of you. Immediately after, another rogue charged your way. Just as he leapt for you, you twisted out of the way, sending him crashing to the ground.

Surrveying the area, you spotted Fireheart tussling with Tigerclaw and Graystripe trying to help. Behind you, Stonefur was chasing off a large rogue while Blackclaw and Leopardfur slashed at another's heels as it sped away.

Before you could leap back into the fight, a huge tom jostled into your shoulder. You flew to the ground and the rogue moved to pin you down again. Instead, he was welcomed by a battering of your unsheathed claws. You scraped at his face until he backed off enough for you to stand. Once on your paws, you leapt at him; planting your paws in the soil, you slid past his flank and left a nasty scratch with one of your claws.

The tom yowled and twisted around to face you. He reared up, and you scrambled to get out of the way but not fast enough. His body crashed down on top of yours, and knocked the breath out of you. Gasping and wheezing, you struggled and failed to throw him off. There was a brief sense of relief as he drew back, pulling himself off you and letting your lungs fill with air at last. Then came defeat as he sunk his teeth into your throat for the killing bite. You yowled in pain and desperation, blood gargling in your throat, but no cat could save you now, and you knew it.

The other warriors must have won the fight since the rogues scattered back into the woods quickly after. At the same time,

Stonefur appeared over you. His was both the last yet the only face you wanted to see right now, in your dying moments.

"Oh... oh, no..." he meowed, horrified. His eyes didn't linger on your wound, just your face.

Then he whispered your name. No, you realised, it wasn't him. Still, you recognized the voice: the voice of someone you had lost long ago.

"Am I dead?" Your voice was soft, scared, and still choked by the blood clogging your lungs and matting your fur.

"No, no, you're alright," Stonefur protested, sounding more like he was trying to convince himself than you. His voice was distant, as if you were listening from underwater, but the voices of the departed were growing crisper and closer.

"Not quite yet, my dear," meowed another familiar voice, though it was tinged with sadness. "But I am here to guide you to StarClan."

Stonefur began to blur before your eyes, but his silhouette was still sharp against the bright afternoon sun. Your eyes fluttered, feeling tired and stinging in the light.

"Wait, don't--! Don't go... I... Ever since..." he stammered, tripping over his words, trying to get them right. His voice trailed off, choking back a cry, but he picked his sentence back up with determination, desperation. "There's so much I want to say... please don't die..."

But it was too late for you, too late for pleas, too late to say the unspoken.

"Stonefur..." you croaked, trying desperately to tell him something, anything. You wanted to tell him how you felt, to comfort him, to say this wasn't the end, but the echoing voices of the dead were calling you now.

"Come now, dearest one. It is time," beckoned the same familiar voice, and you found yourself following against your will. Was it Stonefur's blue eyes swimming with tears that you were seeing in

your final moments or merely the starry twilight sky?

"Please, don't go," Stonefur begged once more, seeing the life draining from your eyes. You had loved him for so long, you had known it, but you thought you had time. You never told him.

**~Time Skip (to The Darkest Hour)~**

The moonlit hunting grounds of StarClan were peacefully quiet, leaving plenty of time for you to yearn for those you left behind. A couple of your loved ones had joined you, and you weren't as lonely as you had been at first, but still, you waited. You waited for him. Only then would your soul be able to rest.

You scented mouse and blocked out your sorrows until you tracked your new piece of prey to a thicket of brambles. Tasting the air, you pinpointed its location.

Dropping into the hunter's crouch, you crept forward silently, placing one paw after another skillfully. You were only a couple tail-lengths from your prey when the sound of scuffling leaves behind you and the grunt of someone stumbling through the thicket broke the silence, scaring away your prey.

"Thistles and thorns, I almost had that!" you exclaimed in frustration, whipping around with the intention of giving whoever had spoiled your catch an earful. Your gaze softened in an instant as they fell upon a familiar silhouette: it was him. "Stonefur?"

"What, you don't recognise me anymore?" he teased, his own eyes lighting up as they found yours. He looked the same as the last time you saw him, but you weren't thinking about that day. You were thinking about every day since, every day that could've been.

Without hesitation, you bounded over as fast as a rabbit. You leapt at him, paws outstretched, throwing caution to the wind and bowling him over. Before he could say anything else, you pressed your cheeks together and everything seemed to stop. Was it possible to share so much emotion with such a simple touch? It was electric, at the very least.

"I've waited a long time for that," Stonefur purred.

"Me too."

# Tigerstar x Reader ~ Not All Bad

Here's an extremely overdue request for chicken_burritos! Spoilers ahead!

You lay on the cool, damp stone floor of the cave, your tail curled around you for warmth. Still, you shivered. The sleeping cats around you provided no warmth; you were all weak and starved, too unhealthy to sustain proper body temperature. Your claws scored the rock as they flexed with each chill running down your spine. Resting your chin atop your paws, the steady, patter of water dripping somewhere nearby almost lulled you to sleep.

"Hey, watch it," Stormpaw murmured from the back of the cave, followed by a hushed apology from Featherpaw.

At least, you thought the voices came from behind you, but the cave was an echo chamber. It was so dark you couldn't see your own paws, much less the two apprentices. It was hard to tell the time of day, but a faint light had begun to stream in through the lichen over the entrance.

There was quiet shuffling outside the cave, but sounded loud and clear in the stillness of the cave. You pricked your ears, lifted your head, and squinted into the dim light. Jaggedtooth's head appeared, parting the lichen as he padded through. Without warning, he took Stonefur's scruff between his teeth, yanking him to his feet and dragging him out of the cave less than gently.

You wanted to feel fear or sympathy--you should have felt guilty--but truthfully, you felt relieved. It wasn't you. Maybe it was the hunger and exhaustion talking, but you couldn't bring yourself to feel any more than that.

Unfortunately, another set of guards followed moments later; they

snatched up Featherpaw and Stormpaw and roughly nudged you to your feet.

"Okay! Okay, I'm going..." you hissed, shakily getting to your paws. If nothing else, you were determined to hold on to some dignity.

The sunlight burned your eyes as you were ushered out of the cave. As they adjusted, you could see the Bonehill looming just ahead; Tigerstar was perched atop the pile of bones, Leopardstar just below him on the ground. You blinked in an attempt to gather more from your surroundings, trying to make out the other silhouettes in view.

In addition to the light, the sounds were overwhelming at first: the wind rushing through the reeds, the birds chirping nearby, and the shrill cries of battle only a couple fox-lengths away. Finally, you could see clearly. Darkstripe and Stonefur were wrestling on the ground viciously, Stormpaw and Featherpaw in plain view of the scuffle. Despite how weak Stonefur looked and you felt, he was holding his own.

You were snapped out of your thoughts at a sharp nudge from behind as a TigerClan cat prodded you in the back, trying to corral you toward the apprentices.

"Don't touch me," you snarled, turning on the cat with bared fangs. Before you could make any rash decisions, a booming voice cut through the noise.

"You," Tigerstar beckoned, gesturing in your direction with one paw. His words were cold and threatening, but he seemed more amused than angered. "Would you like to be next?"

Your eyes widened. Your throat went dry, lost for words to defend yourself. You just shook your head. Tigerstar didn't acknowledge the gesture, simply giving Blackfoot orders to hold Stonefur down to assist Darkstripe.

"You have one chance to prove your loyalty to TigerClan," Tigerstar finally announced, his eyes trained on you again. "Finish this fight."

Two feelings that should never coexist rushed over you: relief and

horror. Relief at the thought of an end to this torture, but horror at the idea of killing your clanmate. You swallowed hard. There was no way out of this, you reasoned. If you didn't, another cat would. If you didn't, you would be next.

"Get on with it," Blackfoot sneered, pulling you back to reality again.

You took a deep breath, stepping toward Stonefur who lay on the ground, panting and bleeding. You should have seen someone that needed saving, a clanmate, a half-clan cat like yourself--but you just saw a way out.

"I'm sorry," you whispered coldly, unsheathing your claws. "I can't live as a prisoner anymore... and neither can you."

With one quick slash of your paw, it was over, You recoiled at the scent of blood, shaking droplets from your claws into the grass. You met eyes with Stormpaw for the briefest of moments, but he ducked his head.

*There's no turning back now*, you thought bitterly. *Forgive me, StarClan.*

Tigerstar dismissed the meeting soon after, leaving Stonefur's battered body laying in the grass and your head hung low. That was, until Tigerstar himself brushed past you.

"Keep your chin up," he instructed. As he passed, his tail ran along your flank, over your throat, and gave your chin a flick. "You're a Warrior of TigerClan now."

A different sort of chill ran down your spine; not the kind born of the cold or fear--it was much worse. Your steps slowed to a stop, but he kept walking, leaving you entranced by his tail swishing away into the reeds ahead.

Maybe TigerClan wouldn't be all that bad...

# Stonefur x Reader ~ I'll Wait For You

A special request for Anon! Spoilers ahead!

Flickering shadows ran the walls of the damp, cold, stone cavern as cats passed the dimly lit entrance. Moisture hung in the air that smelt of illness and rotting carcasses of fresh-kill. Every drop of water that fell from the stone above hit the stone below with repetitious echoes that rang in your ears.

You lay on the bone-chilling stone, your ribs and hips protruding against it. As a cool, brittle breeze whipped through the entrance and swirled about the cave walls, a shiver ran down your spine.

"Keep moving," a rough voice growled just beyond the cave's opening. Even in your weakened state, you were on your paws in a heartbeat, your eyes hopeful.

Head first through the lichen, Stonefur stumbled into the cave and sank unceremoniously onto his elbows and knees. You rushed to his side, gently propping him up with your shoulder. It couldn't have been comfortable, the hunger making your frame that much bonier, but Stonefur didn't complain. He never did.

Once he was settled further from the entrance, you breathed a sigh of relief and laid beside him. You wrapped your tail around his haunches and laid your head atop his shoulder in an attempt to share what little body heat you had.

"I was only gone for a little while," Stonefur chuckled hoarsely, amused by your affection but certainly not against it.

"But I'll never know which time I see you is the last," you meowed softly. The thought should make you afraid or fill your eyes with tears, but it just weighed heavily in your chest. You knew it was

coming sooner or later. You just prayed the day never came.

"I'm not going anywhere," Stonefur promised, nuzzling into you. His assurances were sweet, but unconvincing.

He must have been exhausted, falling asleep beside you soon after. His steady breathing was a comfort, a luxury really, and it was the only thing that could lull you to sleep as well. Still, it wasn't a peaceful sleep: jolting awake at the slightest sound, waking up from nightmares, periodically checking that he was still there even if you could feel him curled up around you.

You awoke with a start to the clamour of voices echoing through the cave and claws scrabbling against the stone. Your fur stood on end as you staggered defensively to your paws, Stonefur wearily rising next to you. The only comfort was your tail laid across his shoulders, letting you know he was still behind you.

Jaggedtooth had returned, you assumed to fetch Stonefur again, but he stalked over to the apprentices instead. To your surprise, Blackfoot and Darkstripe followed close behind.

"Get up!" Jaggedtooth ordered, roughly nudging Stormpaw to his paws. Featherpaw was awake but groggy, struggling to her paws as well. Stonefur instinctively stepped to protect the apprentices, but you pressed into his side to hold him back.

"You too," Blackfoot meowed, he and Darkstripe now either side of you and Stonefur, which certainly put you on edge if you weren't already.

The three TigerClan cats led you out of the cave and through the reeds. Once corralled to the clearing, your eyes started to adjust to the blinding sunlight. Tigerstar loomed above on the Bonehill, menacing as ever.

"It has been decided," Tigerstar announced before directing his attention to Stonefur, causing you to bristle. "Stonefur, I will give you one chance to show your loyalty to TigerClan."

A chill ran down your spine. This was bad. You glanced at Stonefur,

but couldn't catch his eye nor were you close enough to touch him anymore; he simply glared up at Tigerstar with his head held high.

Gesturing to Stormpaw and Featherpaw, Tigerstar finished, "Kill the two half-Clan apprentices."

Featherpaw let out a soft squeal and Stormpaw curled his tail around his sister's back. You instinctively side-stepped in front of them, no cat to hold you back as you did Stonefur in the cave. Your legs trembled beneath you, weak and now fearful. Would you fight to the death if you had to? Could you fight at all in this state?

"I take orders from you," Stonefur meowed, looking to Leopardstar, "You must know this is wrong. What do you want me to do?"

"These are difficult times. As we fight for survival, we must be able to count on every one of our Clanmates. There is no room for divided loyalties. Do as Tigerstar tells you," Leopardstar instructed reluctantly, glancing between Tigerstar and Stonefur.

"We'll fight him. I won't let him kill us!" Stormpaw meowed bravely behind you, standing in front of his sister. You widened your stance, lashing your tail defensively. The question repeated in your mind: could you fight? You would have to try.

Stonefur looked back at you, and you locked eyes for a moment. The connection brought you brief respite, and you willed your legs to stop shaking. You almost wanted to stop him, to tell him he couldn't, but the look in his eyes was resolute. He nodded firmly to you. What other choice did they have?

Stonefur looked back down at his paws before hissing, "You'll have to kill me first, Tigerstar!"

"Very well," Tigerstar mewed, clearly pleased with himself. He turned to Darkstripe. "Kill him."

You wanted to help. You wanted to climb up that pile of bones and kill Tigerstar himself, but you knew you were in no condition and the apprentices were even more vulnerable. A prayer that Stonefur could hold on would have to suffice. But you knew there was no

getting out of this.

You quickly ushered Stormpaw and Featherpaw though the reeds. They hesitated on the riverbank, but you spun them around and put on your bravest face.

"Get as far away as you can," you instructed, a little winded but trying to sound confident. Truth was, you were terrified. "Cross the river and keep heading northeast toward the Thunderpath. ThunderClan camp is that way, they can help you."

"But--!"

"Do you understand me?" you asked firmly, giving Stormpaw a light shove toward the water to quell his protests. "Now, go!"

There was no time to ensure they made it--not unless you went with them. But how could you?

"Get a move on Darkstripe! You're fighting like a kitty pet!" Blackfoot taunted, his voice ringing out somewhere behind you. You were afraid of what you might see, but the adrenaline was rushing now. It was as if you weren't weakened at all.

Turning on your heel, you crashed back through the reeds to face the fight. You skidded to a halt at the edge of the clearing. Stonefur was managing despite his condition, but the onlookers were getting impatient. In a fit of rage, Darkstripe lunged at Stonefur but was knocked to the ground.

Sounding irritated, Tigerstar ordered, "Finish it."

Blackfoot stepped forward, jostling Darkstripe to the side. It was now or never. He reared back his unsheathed claws for a killing blow, but you were quicker.

With a searing pain, his claws raked down your flank and tossed you aside. You yelped as you hit the ground with a *thud*, blood quickly seeping into your pelt. Blackfoot snarled furiously and went for another blow at your throat, but Stonefur was on his paws now. You staggered to your own paws just as Blackfoot shook Stonefur off with a howl of pain. Despite the pain in your side, the

wobbling of your legs, and the dizziness spinning your vision, you managed to avoid a surprise attack from Darkstripe.

It couldn't have been more than a few heartbeats, but when your eyes landed on Stonefur again, so did Blackfoot. There was no way you could get there in time. Stonefur was in no condition to fight back even before this all started. All you could do was run and wail and watch. It was inevitable--maybe this whole time.

Blackfoot's unsheathed claws swung down, finding their mark this time. You heard the tearing of flesh, the sound of blood splattering the grass, and felt the familiar sting of tears in your eyes.

With a final surge of strength, you bounded forward, shouldering Blackfoot to the side. Blood was pouring onto the grass from Stonefur's wound. No cat moved to stop you, as much as Blackfoot would have loved to finish you off too. They just cleared out, leaving you, the traitor by association, alone.

"No... no, no, no..." you mumbled helplessly, your entire frame shaking with pain and exhaustion and silent sobs.

Stonefur's bloodied paw reached out weakly, smearing your shoulder dark red. His eyes glittered with pain and tears, but the look in them was as strong as ever. You gave him a faint smile, leaning down to nuzzle your cheek against his.

"Don't go... please, don't go," you begged softly but to no avail. That look in his eyes was already fading. "Please... I love you."

His gaze softened at your words before his eyelids fluttered shut peacefully. You lowered your head to his chest in defeat, but could no longer hear a heartbeat. You were deaf to the sounds around you, but you could hear his voice, soft and distant, one more time.

"I'll wait for you, my love."

# Scourge x Fem!Reader ~ Misgivings

Request for Anon. Spoilers ahead!

The makeshift camp was alive with battle preparations, the Warriors all chatting away. The kits were playing animatedly at your paws, doing dramatic battle reenactments for your benefit. But your attention was elsewhere; across the clearing, their leader was engaging in neither productive nor enthusiastic conversation. He simply sat alone, sharpening his reenforced claws in silence.

"Mum, tell her!" one of your kits whined, catching your ear at last.

"What?" you asked dumbly, shaking your head to clear your mind. "Yeah, yeah, sure. Give me a moment..."

You got to your paws, side-stepping your kits bouncing about with excitement but still keeping them in sight. Scourge only glanced up as you approached, not inviting you to join but not scaring you off either. Progress is progress, you supposed.

"What are you thinking about?" you asked after several heartbeats of silence passed.

"What do you think?" Scourge asked rhetorically, still not lifting his gaze.

"Well, the romantic answer would be that you were thinking about me," you joked, finally catching his eye in the form of an annoyed glare. It only made you purr softly with laughter. "But I digress."

There was another brief silence, save for the scrape of his claws on the sharpening stone. You gazed across the clearing at your kits, still rambunctious as you left them but now entertaining--or rather pestering--an uncomfortable Bone.

"What are you thinking about?" Scourge asked tentatively, trying to make conversation. You took this as permission to sit beside him now.

"The battle, like you," you admitted, still watching the kits with a dreamy look in your eyes. "But for different reasons."

"Like what?"

"It's dangerous. I worry about you coming back."

Scourge clicked his tongue disapprovingly, giving his head a little shake. "If you're that worried, the offer is still open for you to join us."

This time, he finally lifted his head to face you. His icy gaze met yours, lingering and sending a shiver down your spine, but you couldn't have pulled yourself away if you wanted to. There was a certain longing in his eyes, like this was more of a request than a reminder.

"You know I have to stay with the kits..." you meowed softly with a regretful glance back toward the makeshift nursery. Truthfully, you wanted nothing more than to go with, join the battle, be with him. But things were different now.

Scourge let out a huff of mirthless laughter, returning his focus to his claws once again.

"They'd be as good as dead if they weren't mine, you know," he meowed grimly. "Kits don't belong in BloodClan."

"I know," you replied quickly. Your saddened gaze still lingered on your kits, who were now being shooed away by Bone as he rallied the Warriors in the clearing. "Just... be careful."

Scourge nodded in acknowledgement, examined his claws, then got to his paws. You laid your tail across his shoulders, but he jerked away from your touch. At least he flashed you a slightly guilty look for it.

"Hey," you purred as he started to pad off, stopping him in his

tracks. You waited until he reluctantly met your gaze again. "I love you."

"I... I'll see you when this is finished," he meowed awkwardly in response. He stepped back to your side to give your cheek an almost affectionate lick. "And we'll have a whole new forest to explore together."

You watched his thin tail lashing behind him as he padded off to give the final rallying cry to the Warriors. And as they departed camp, you watched from the nursery with three tiny kits asleep at your side.

# Brokenstar x Reader ~ Company

Requested by reddeadwolf77. I had no ideas BTW. Spoilers ahead!

A cool breeze swept through the camp as the sun began to dip behind the horizon, lined by dense forest. Several cats bustled about the clearing, finishing duties of the day as night approached. As the final patrol returned, you watched as most cats headed to their dens, including the medicine cat, Yellowfang.

As the old she-cat crept back into the medicine den, you slunk through the shadows toward the reed patch, which served as a prison of sorts for Brokenstar. Glancing in both directions before stepping out into the open, you made your way over, clearing your throat to announce your presence.

He called your name softly in response, lifting his head from his paws and bringing himself to a sitting position. His voice held a trace of vulnerability so unlike him, and he hated it. You didn't think it suited him.

"Yeah," you whispered, padding up to his side. "Just me."

"Good to see you," he meowed bluntly. "Well, hear you anyway..."

Your gaze lingered on his scarred face, the original colour of his eyes hidden behind torn eyelids. After a moment of slightly awkward silence, that thought came to mind.

"Can I ask you something?"

"I suppose," he meowed lowly, almost in warning, though you knew he meant you no harm.

You were the only one around that made being a prisoner bearable

and treated him as an equal. That wasn't something he was accustomed to either, but he decided he preferred it to the other cats that only feared him or treated him like dirt after his injury.

"What colour are your eyes?" you asked, still speaking in hushed tones but now sounding much more innocently curious. "We never met before... you know."

Brokenstar gave a little huff of amusement at your discomfort, though the question had been equally as ridiculous in his mind. You were still hovering near his nest, so he patted the ground with one paw, inviting you to sit.

"Orange," he answered simply. Then he added, "Do they look as bad as they feel?"

"Define bad..." you meowed, avoiding the question. You laughed nervously but relaxed when he responded with another huff of laughter in kind.

There was a moment of silence aside from the nocturnal sounds of the forest as you finally joined him on the ground, curling up close by. He asked about your eyes next, and you felt slightly guilty about not thinking of that sooner. You answered his questions into the night, mostly about yourself.

At some point, you must have drifted off to sleep only to be awakened by the pale light of dawn. Panic shot through you, and you glanced around but only saw reeds. Still, you had to sneak away before any cat got suspicious.

"Are you leaving?" Brokenstar's voice startled you, having assumed he was asleep. "I can't tell when it's light out."

"What, going to miss me all day?" you teased, getting to your paws and stretching.

"I do love the company," he admitted light-heartedly and you purred with laughter under your breath.

"Then it's a good thing I like keeping it."

With that, you darted off through the reeds, running your tail along his flank as you passed.

# Frostleaf x Fem!Reader ~ Expectations

OC and request by WritingScourge.

The dim, dusk light filtered through the bright leaves, painting the camp with dapples of colour. The fur on your back ruffled slightly in the cool breeze, but you felt jittery for a completely different reason. You got to your paws in anticipation.

As the final patrol of the day entered camp, your eyes flittered between the cats until they landed on Frostleaf's miss-matched ones. The usual intensity of his gaze brightened somewhat at the sight of you. He trotted over to your side with a dismissive wave of his tail to the patrol behind him.

"Miss me?" he teased as he brushed up against your side.

"Dearly," you purred sarcastically, nestling your face into the soft fur of his neck. "But on a serious note... I need to talk to you."

"Oh no," he meowed, pulling away from you to meet your eyes in pretend shock. "What did I do now?"

"Can you please just be serious?" you asked in a hushed voice. You sighed, glancing down at your feet at they scuffed the dry ground anxiously.

Frostleaf blinked at you in confusion, his head cocked to the side. He was never one for sincerity--unless it involved threatening, then he could be quite direct--answering to anything and everything with sarky comments. He was rarely serious in a positive context, and that's what worried you, honestly. How would he take the news? Would he be angry? Delighted? Apathetic?

"What is it?" he finally asked, worry darkening his gaze and his tone of voice hardening.

You swallowed the growing lump in your throat. "Well, I was in the medicine den today and--"

"Are you alright?" he interrupted, that worry turning into fierce protectiveness. "Did something happen? If anyone--"

"No, no, nothing like that," you answered quickly, though still choking on the words you needed to say. You bit your tongue, repeating the sentence in your head until it couldn't echo around in there any longer. "I'm expecting kits..."

Frostleaf's concerned expression melted, and his eyes widened. Was that a good sign? There was tense silence for a heartbeat as he stared at you, his head tilted again in disbelief. Your paws trembled slightly in anticipation, and you looked back down at them once more.

"You are?" he finally meowed, sounding taken aback but thankfully, not upset. If anything, he sounded hopeful. You'd never known him to be an optimist.

You nodded, lifting your gaze in surprise. Sure enough, his eyes were practically glowing as he looked at you, uncharacteristically tender.

"We're going to be parents..." you whispered, sounding as if you'd barely come to terms with it yourself. Honestly, you hadn't fully.

Frostleaf pressed up against your flank again, flattening your ear as he tucked your head beneath his chin. You leaned into his touch reflexively, closing your eyes happily. His tail entwined with yours gently, and he purred with satisfaction.

"I can't wait."

The moons dragged on slower as they went; the familiar sight of the nursery and the sound of whining kits became your only company--day and night. And all the while, you felt tired and heavy and sick every morning yet starving. Frostleaf came to visit between his

Warrior duties, but you still felt rather lonely.

That was, until you finally gave birth. What you would give to be alone for a moment now. The lively bundles of fur curled up at your belly were fast asleep but somehow still wriggling about. Frostleaf laid beside you, his chin resting on your shoulder as he stared at the kits in awe.

"Well?" you prompted, noticing his lingering gaze. You turned your head so that you were cheek-to-cheek. "What do you think?"

"They're... perfect," he meowed, leaning into your touch.

"What should we name them?"

"Hm..." He paused for a moment, looking deep in thought. Then he opened his eyes again, deciding, "I think you should name them. You did do most of the heavy lifting."

You let out a mrrow of laughter. "More like all of the heavy lifting."

"Oh, come on, I helped," he teased, twining your tails together. You laughed again as he sent you a not-so-subtle wink.

"Whatever..." you muttered, rolling your eyes but nuzzling up to him again anyway.

He purred with soft, contented laughter. "Yeah, yeah, love you too."

# Bramblestar x Reader ~ Oops

"You two--the nursery needs to be patched up from behind. And you... lead a hunting patrol-- I mean! No, made a promise..."

Bramblestar stood on the high ledge, directing the Warriors below. He tripped over his words, trying to distribute the many tasks and juggle previous agreements with grace to little avail. With that last statement, he shot you an apologetic glance. His gaze softened as he found you amidst the small crowd.

"That's alright," you reassured him, nodding and giving a dismissive wave of your tail to the patrol gathering behind you. "I can lead one tomorrow."

He sighed, looking both relieved and guilty at the same time but blinked his thanks to you nonetheless before raising his voice again as his eyes darted to the far side of the camp.

"You two! I see you! Get back in there and stay in there!"

You purred softly with laughter as he scolded the apprentices, shaking your head. Gracefully, you leapt up onto the ledge beside Bramblestar, laying your tail across his back as you leant in to whisper in his ear.

"Why don't you take a break?" you suggested, your voice soft and soothing. "You look stressed."

"I am not--!" he cut himself off before he could completely snap at you. Again, he flashed you a guilty look, his ears falling in regret. "Okay... maybe I am a bit stressed."

"Come on, I know just the thing to take your mind off your duties."

You flicked his ear with your tail as you turned to leap down to the ground, earning a flinch from him. Although, he did seem to look like a weight had already been lifted from his shoulders.

"Well, I don't... fine." he gave in as you padded away, unable to argue without following you anyway. Clever, he thought. "Squirrelflight! You're in charge."

The tip of your tail twitched in amusement as you heard him padding after you, his steps quicker until he reached your side. You bumped into his flank playfully before gesturing for him to follow with a nod of your head.

Both of you climbed out of the hollow and slipped off into the woods in silence save for the lively chatter of birds above and the rustle of the breeze. Just getting away from everything for a moment seemed to let Bramblestar relax, yet he still glanced over his shoulder every so often.

"You know I'm just trying to help, right?" you meowed, snapping his attention away from the camp behind. His gaze shifted to you, then back out ahead as he nodded. "I know you're under a lot of pressure, trying to fill in Firestar's absence and all, but you shouldn't be so hard on yourself."

"Thanks you," Bramblestar purred after a beat of silence, turning to meet your eyes again. Then he let out a little *mrrow* of laughter, lightening up. "What would I do without you?"

"Work yourself to death," you joked without missing a beat, doing your best to feign seriousness before laughing in turn. "I kid you."

As the laughter died, he seemed to remember how you managed to get him on his own in the first place. "So... where are you taking me?"

"You'll see."

The two of you padded on in silence, flanks brushing ever so slightly as the cool wind swirled around you in the darkening forest cover. The sun slowly dipped low toward the horizon, casting leafy shadows on the tree trunks. You approached the lakeside at last, stepping out of the woods and onto the open beach.

The sunset sent streaks of gold across the twinkling surface of the

lake and bathed the sky in vibrant colours. The two of you basked in the dying light, warm on the fur of your faces.

"Wow..." Bramblestar mumbled in awe, his amber eyes practically glowing in the sun. "I almost forgot how beautiful the sunsets are here."

"Sometimes you just need a little reminder," you purred, slowly sitting down on the pebbled bank. He followed suit after debating how close was acceptable, which made you stifle a purr of laughter. Without shame, you entwined your tail with his without a word. He flinched despite your gentle touch and felt his pelt heating up wildly, unable to make eye contact.

"Thank you," he murmured again, doing his best to relax into your side while so flustered. "This has all been... a lot easier with you by my side. You really have no idea how much I needed this. You have no idea how much I love you..."

It wasn't at all surprising a revelation, but your eyes widened at the words nonetheless. You turned to look at him in surprise, but he was already staring back, looking just as shocked by his own words. The sight made you break out into laughter.

"Did... did I say that bit out loud?" he asked, laughing along awkwardly and shuffling his paws slightly, sending pebbles rolling down the bank into the water with a succession of *plinks*.

"Yes, yes you did."

"Oops..."

"Don't worry," you purred, laughing under your breath still. You leaned into his side, resting your chin atop his shoulder but only earning a more flustered reaction from him. Yet he didn't pull away. "I love you too."

# Ashfur x Reader ~ Forgive and Forget

For TheRomanceMasterTM. Soooooooo so so so so soooo overdue, sorry! Spoilers ahead!

A dark sky loomed above, bright flames sending shadows dancing; the creak and crackle of scorching wood accompanied the rumble of thunder overhead. You cowered beside your littermates, the fire engulfing the surrounding forest, threatening to spill over into the hollow. Slowly suffocating as the black clouds of smoke and heat of the blaze closed in around you, your mother's desperate pleas filled your ears. In spite of the overwhelming fear coursing through you, her words burned much deeper than the licks of the flames.

"They are not my kits."

You were awoken by a paw on your shoulder, gently shaking you from your dream-state. Your heartbeat still pounding in your ears, you clambered to your paws and were greeted by your brother, Lionblaze. Even in the darkness of the den at high-moon, his bright golden pelt was recognisable.

"Come on, we're getting ready to leave for the gathering," he explained before stepping back out into the clearing. You followed him, joining the cluster of cats preparing to leave. In the corner of your eye, you spotted the tell-tale, speckled, grey tail of Ashfur vanishing through the bramble thicket and out of camp. Only a heartbeat later, Hollyleaf slunk out after him, glancing around as if covering her tracks.

Your mind bounced between curiosity and suspicion, but you decided to chase after the two of them regardless. Lionblaze's confused meows of protest sounded behind you too late. Your mind was made up.

The forest was dotted with silver moonlight filtering through the canopy but retained its eery feel in the dark. As you spotted Ashfur along the WindClan border, you ducked into a clump of bracken for cover. Just what you had gotten into, you weren't yet sure.

Water trickled softly along the rocks of the stream bed beside you as you looked on, breaths rustling the frond of bracken beneath your nose. It was peaceful, almost silent, until Hollyleaf stepped clear of the nearest thicket and launched herself at Ashfur without warning. If you weren't still as a stone before, you were frozen solid now--confused and conflicted.

Your instincts overcame your apprehension after a heartbeat of surprise; you leapt into action, latching onto Hollyleaf's back and yanking her off of a defenseless Ashfur. Still laden with black tufts of fur, your claws sank into the moist soil of the streambank as Hollyleaf rolled out of your grasp.

"What are you doing here?" she hissed, scrambling to her paws. There was a look of fear and fury in her eyes that you didn't recognise. This wasn't your sister, not how you knew her.

"What are *you* doing?" you retorted, lips snarled in disgust. Your claws flexed, curling into the sandy ground and readying yourself to pounce back into the fight if need be. Thankfully, Ashfur was merely recovering his balance at the edge of the stream, dark blood welling up through his pale pelt. "He is our clanmate! Have you forgotten?"

"Did you forget that he tried to kill us?" Hollyleaf reasoned despairingly, the volume of her voice carrying as clear as the night sky across the clearing. You'd have been surprised if WindClan couldn't hear her from where she stood, the sound echoing downstream.

"So, what, you're levelling the playing field?" you hissed rhetorically, your voice much lower in an attempt to diffuse the situation and avoid drawing the attention of other cats--or worse, predators. "Nothing makes this okay! You're just stepping down to his level!"

"Do you have any idea what he has done?" Hollyleaf snapped, hardly listening to a word you had to say; her mind was made up. She cast a scathing scowl in Ashfur's direction, but he didn't dare move as much has a muscle. "If he tells anyone--!"

"What you're implying is against the code!" you insisted, starting to sound desperate rather than rational. You couldn't stand idly by as an injustice to the code occurred, much less watch your sister through her life away for such a transgression. Still, you calmed yourself with a deep breath and lowered your voice: "It's against everything we believe in! Hollyleaf, listen to me. There are better ways to settle this."

She retracted her claws in response to your pleas but didn't seem satisfied by your rationale. With a final glance between you and Ashfur, she turned and disappeared into the shadows of the forest.

You sighed heavily, more defeated than relieved despite the deescalation. At last, you turned to face Ashfur, who had a look of bewilderment on his face. His dark blue eyes looked inky black in the dim moonlight as they met your gaze. You simply twitched your ears, gesturing for him to follow you back to camp as you turned heel and padded off.

Not a word was spoken between the two of you for a long while, the still silence of the forest engulfing you: the chirp of insects beneath the undergrowth, bats flittering about overhead, the faint howl of a predator in the distance. When you were nearly halfway back, Ashfur's pawsteps faded as he stopped in his tracks. You pricked your ears up in response and turned around, expecting to see him slipping away or merely the empty space where he had been. Instead, you were met with those same deep blue eyes filled with grief.

"Ashfur...?" you whispered, tentatively taking a step in his direction. He ducked his head away from your gaze, and you froze in place, one paw hovering above the grass in anticipation.

There was a long silence again, the hoot of an owl echoing through the trees the only sound breaking through the still night now.

"I..." Ashfur croaked, choking on his own words the moment they formed. You cocked your head inquisitively, but your eyes were wide with interest. It seemed to encourage him. "I'm sorry... I'm so sorry."

You blinked at him in shock and confusion. Tears shimmered in the corners of his eyes beneath the pale moonlight. The sight softened your gaze, a wave of empathy and understanding washing over you as you realised; the apology was for you, genuinely, for that night.

"Please... forgive me." His voice sounded so small, so vulnerable, that it almost broke your fragile heart. Meeting his pleading gaze only made the weight in the pit of your stomach heavier. "I beg you..."

Less hesitant now, you stepped toward him until you were almost nose-to-nose. The tears in his eyes gleamed in the light, beautiful despite wrenching your heart further.  He looked afraid: of your reaction, of your rejection, of your closeness.

"I do," you whispered, breath ruffling his whiskers. He noticeably swallowed the lump in his throat, looking expectant as you spoke--maybe even hopeful. "I forgive you. No... I never blamed you for what happened. I understood why you did what you did. Is that crazy?"

Despite your attempt to lighten the mood, he only stared at you in disbelief. You worried you had said the wrong thing until he stepped forward to bridge the gap between you. Now cheek-to-cheek, you sucked in a breath of surprise but relaxed into his touch for a heartbeat.

"Thank you," he murmured, pulling back only a breath's distance away. Your eyes fluttered open to meet his again, mesmerising. "I promise, I'll earn your forgiveness."

You purred softly with incredulous laughter before leaning in to give his cheek a comforting lick. "Earn it? You have it..."

# Oakheart x Fem!Reader ~ Mother's Love

Another overdue request for HufflepuffBadgerLife. Spoilers ahead!

The snow-heavy clouds above the RiverClan camp drifted lazily across the moon's bright, silver glow and showered the sparse forest in sleet. It was bone-chilling as the wind picked up, keeping every cat huddled comfortably in their dens--or almost every cat.

You slept soundly in your nest, until the wind rustling the reeds at the entrance gusted in with a dusting of snowflakes. The resulting shiver down your spine awoke you with a start. You blinked the sleepiness from your eyes, only able to make out a small part in the reeds where some cat was poking their head through.

A whisper pricked up your ears, barely audible amidst the patter of sleet on the roof and the whistling of the wind. But you'd recognise that voice anywhere.

"Oakheart?" you rasped, still groggy and slightly disoriented. "What are you doing out there?"

He shushed you and shook his head, instead gesturing for you to follow him out into the cold. As his head vanished, leaving the reeds swishing in his wake, you considered just going back to sleep. It was frigid out, and as much as RiverClan cats like the water, you did not fancy getting doused in ice-water.

Against your better judgement, you eventually followed with a sigh of defeat. You never could resist him, could you? As quietly as possible, you got to your paws, stretched, and slipped outside through the leaves.

No amount of bracing yourself prepared you for the immediate rush

of cold as sleet peppered your pelt, only worsened by the draught through the camp. You shivered, curling your tail around your haunches in a futile attempt to warm yourself.

"This better be good," you warned Oakheart through chattering teeth, following him around the back of the den. He was oddly silent and didn't seem as bothered by the cold despite his soaked pelt clinging to his frame. This had to be important, you reasoned.

"Look, I... I know I'm asking a lot, but--"

His voice broke off abruptly as you failed to hold back a gasp: there, behind the Warrior's den, were two tiny, grey bundles of fur. They were trembling, dripping wet, and staring up at you now with wide, fearful eyes.

Before Oakheart could explain further, you brushed past him and curled up around the kits. You tucked them into your belly with a paw, trying to warm them even just a little.

"What is this...? What's going on? " you asked just loud enough to be heard over the relentless weather, concern etched into your expression. When Oakheart only shuffled his paws in answer at first, you cocked your head insistently. "Whose kits are these?"

His chest rising and falling with a deep breath was noticeable, his fur plastered down from the wind and the wet. Finally, he lifted his gaze from his paws, and you were met with those rich, amber eyes.

"Mine," he admitted. "They're mine. And I can't do this without you."

You blinked back at him in surprise. It stung: the revelation that he had kept such a painful secret from you. But this wasn't about your feelings. It didn't matter how you felt about him or how he felt about you, because he was here now, asking for--needing--your help.

"What are you asking me to do?" you asked incredulously, still reeling from the implications. A gust of wind nearly drowned out your soft, shaky voice.

Oakheart sighed heavily, pacing once or twice nervously. "I know this is all so sudden, and I'm sorry, but... they need a mother. I need a front."

The words stung again, and you let out a huff of mirthless laughter. You dropped your gaze to the kits at your side, unable to look him in the eye anymore.

"Is that all I am to you?"

"What? No, no, of course not..."

As much as you wanted to howl at him or give him the silent treatment, you couldn't keep your anger from slipping away in response to the desperation in his voice. He was your weakness, after all. But these kits had to be the priority now. You had to sort this out, and soon; the weather was showing no signs of letting up.

"Fine. Fine, I'll... I'll play along," you relented. Reluctantly, you lifted your head to meet his gaze again. He looked relieved, a stark contrast to his ragged appearance, but you were still unsure. "But you know as well as I do that I can't nurse them."

"I know," he meowed. "Graypool already agreed, but everyone knows she just lost her kits. I couldn't pass them off as hers."

You huffed again, more frustratedly this time. "I don't suppose you're going to tell me who their mother actually is?"

Silence.

"Didn't think so."

And so it went. The Clan didn't take much persuasion to believe the kits were yours; you and Oakheart had always been close friends and spent plenty of time together. You just wished there had been more between the two of you. Now there was only a rift.

The weather was considerably nicer now, the light, new-leaf breeze doing little to diminish the warm glow of the sun in a cloudless sky. You were slightly cooler in the shade of the nursery, watching Oakheart and the kits playing out in the clearing. It should've been

a heart-warming sight, but you were troubled; you still knew next to nothing about the whole situation.

A moment later, the kits came skittering back over and you were pulled out of your thoughts. Your ears pricked up as they chattered away, but you weren't paying attention. You watched as Oakheart disappeared through the reeds out of camp with a swish of his tail.

"Hey, can you watch them until I come back?" you asked Graypool, a dreamlike quality to your voice in your distraction. The other queen nodded once you turned to meet her gaze, followed by the immediate whines of the kits behind you as you trotted off in a hurry.

"Oakheart!" you called in as hushed a voice as the distance allowed.

He turned on his heel, ears pricked and eyes wide with pleasant surprise. "What is it?"

"Can we talk?" you asked, dropping your voice to a whisper as you reached his side. "I'm sick of us avoiding each other over this."

"Oh... yeah, okay," he meowed, looking far less happy to see you now. There was a guilty look creeping onto his face, a nervous tremor to his voice.

"Look, I'm not here to judge you or anything," you assured him. "I just want the truth. You can't expect me to keep doing this forever without an explanation. I deserve that much. As your friend."

"You're right," he meowed. His gaze softened with sadness, and he breathed a heavy sigh of defeat. "You deserve more than this... as much more than just my friend."

Your eyes widened slightly in surprise at what sounded like a confession--or rather a reciprocation. But when you parted your jaws to speak, he silenced you.

"I should've told you from the beginning..."

So he did: three moons and two kits too late but better than never. He told you everything. It broke your heart to hear about his love

for another, about a third kit lost to the unforgiving leaf-bare storm, but it was a weight lifted from your shoulders all the same. No more secrets. If nothing else, that meant something to you. Maybe it didn't matter if he loved you in the same way--he loved you nonetheless.

"I... am so sorry..." you murmured. In a bold gesture rather unlike you, you pressed up against his flank and nuzzled into the fur of his neck comfortingly. "Thank you for telling me."

His jaws parted, but he was speechless for a heartbeat at your touch. Then he relaxed into it, leaning against you in turn.

"Thank you for understanding," he purred softly. "And for standing by me."

"Always."

# Longtail x Reader ~ Salvation

For MyNamesPeace and frogdog9506. Spoilers ahead!

The forest was lush with growth and thriving with prey for the first time since the last green-leaf. Naturally, you were out searching for it. The trees came alive with the chirping of birds, and the undergrowth rustled as small creatures scampered about. Your own steady steps were muffled by the moss under paw.

You parted your jaws, tasting the air for fresh scents. Both recent and stale traces of prey bathed your tongue. The mingling smells were difficult to distinguish when combined with the permeating aroma of new plant growth. You pricked your ears, relying on the sounds of the forest to guide you.

It didn't take long to pick up on the trail of a squirrel. You followed its tracks and the sound of clattering nut shells. When it was finally in your sights, you paused. The squirrel was chewing on an acorn at the base of a thick oak tree. One unexpected noise or movement could send the potential meal up the tree and out of reach. You had to be precise.

The muscles in your hind legs tensed as you wiggled your haunches, preparing to pounce. Your claws flexed, digging into the soft, newly-melted ground. The squirrel lifted its head but returned to turning the nut over in its paws. This was your chance. *Three, two, one...*

Your patience went unrewarded as a piercing, anguished wail interrupted your preparations. The sound reverberated between the trees and amidst the undergrowth, sending the squirrel running and a shiver down your spine. You snapped to attention with pricked ears, forgetting your disappointment in a heartbeat.

Another pained yowl split the air, sending birds flying from their

nests this time. You followed suit and took off in the direction of the ear-splitting cries. Brambles pulled at your fur as you tore through thicket after thicket. It didn't faze you.

Now little more than feeble whimpering, the sound grew louder as you drew closer. Out of breath and panicked out of your mind, you finally burst onto the scene. Your breath hitched at the sight before you.

Longtail laid there half-limp, head tucked between his paws. Blood splattered the grass, rabbit pawprints led away into the undergrowth, and a steady trickle of blood dripped from his claws. His body shuddered with a muffled moan of pain.

"Longtail!" you exclaimed, leaping to his side before stopping just short; you had no idea what to do. His ears swivelled in your direction, and he stammered your name, sounding afraid and unsure. "Yeah, it's me. I'm here."

Slowly, he lifted his head from beneath the cover of his paws; blood poured over his eyes from several deep gashes and streamed down his muzzle. Your heart rate began to climb as your mind raced. You were no medicine cat, but this was not good. You needed to get him back to camp.

"Oh, Great StarClan..." you mumbled, trying to think rationally and failing miserably. There was no way you could carry him on your own, but he was bleeding so heavily that you weren't sure help could get there fast enough.

He let out another weak mewl of anguish, snapping you out of your thoughts.

"Hey, hey, you're going to be okay," you tried to comfort him, though the tremor in your voice was unconvincing. You laid your tail across his shoulders for good measure. "We have to get you back to camp. Can you walk?"

"I-I think so," he answered, immediately wincing as he moved to sit up. You lunged forward as if to catch him, letting him lean against your shoulder. Slowly, he managed to get to his paws.

The two of you limped back toward camp, but his condition was slowly worsening. As you were forced to prop up more of his weight, you began to doubt whether you'd make it. By the time you reached camp,  he collapsed completely.

You howled frantically for the medicine cat but burst into the den anyway. Thankfully, Cinderpelt handled the situation with far more composure and quickly had Longtail moved inside. You followed like a lost, helpless kit, refusing to leave even at Cinderpelt's suggestion.

As she treated Longtail's wounds the best she could, you sat close by with your tail gently resting over his. He was still unconscious. You just prayed to StarClan you had made it back in time.

You must have fallen asleep, because the bustle of the camp awoke you at sunset. The pale, fading light streamed through the fern tunnel; you were still in the medicine cat's den.

"Longtail..?" you whispered tentatively, voice still soft and raspy from sleep. To your relief, you laid eyes on him beside you as you lifted your head. Your tails were still loosely entwined.

His ears twitched in recognition of your voice. He lifted his head too, but his eyes remained closed--covered in cobwebs and herb pastes.

"Yeah, I'm... I'm okay," he meowed, but it was obvious that it was just for your benefit. Then his voice softened, sounding almost disbelieving. "You stayed?"

"Of course." You shuffled closer until you were side-by-side, draping your tail comfortingly across his back. He flinched slightly in surprise before relaxing into your touch with a sigh. "Your eyes... I'm so sorry."

For the first time since the incident, he did something with full confidence: he shook his head.

"No, don't be," he insisted. It was your turn to flinch as he encircled your haunches with his tail, as if to pull you closer. "You saved my

life."

"Oh... well, I don't know if I--"

"Thank you."

You swallowed the growing lump in your throat, feeling strangely uneasy at his sincerity. Any Warrior would have done the same; you were doing your duty and no more... right up until the point you waited by his side all day. Alright, maybe you were embarrassed for a different reason.

"It's getting late, I should probably go..." you mumbled awkwardly, feeling as if fire were ablaze beneath your pelt. As you moved to get up, he placed a paw atop yours to stop you.

"Wait!" he meowed intensely, desperate not to let you slip away. The sound echoed softly against the rock walls, halting you in your tracks. You cocked your head at him curiously. Then your heart melted as he whispered, "Stay."

# Hawkfrost x Blind!Reader ~ Anniversary

So so so so so late for Le48209. Spoilers ahead!

It had been ten moons since you fell in love with your best friend. Two since his death.

You remembered it all the same: the smell of his fur as you nestled into the crook of his neck, the soft rasping of his whispers in your ear, the calming feeling of his tongue stroking your fur. It was as if it had been yesterday. Yet you had no memories of the colour of his eyes, the way he looked at you, or the colours of the flowers he often brought you. You had never seen those things.

But that never bothered Hawkfrost. He saw you no differently despite your blindness, which was more than you could say for the rest of your clanmates. Many thought you were useless, a burden, a dead weight. Sometimes you agreed.

Without him, your life had lost it's flavour. Sunrise upon sunrise, you sat in the elders's den. There were others, but you were alone. No one believed in you. No one saw you as an equal. No one brought your favourite flowers to brighten your day and fill your senses: just because they thought of you.

Ordinarily, you'd be moping and yearning for a normal life of hunting, running, swimming. Now there was a bigger piece of you missing. Life without the cat you loved so dearly had even made the longing for sight fade to the back of your mind.

Wallowing in your grief amidst the silence of the calm night became too much to bear after a while--as it always did--so you carefully made your way out of camp. Your paws led you along a familiar, well-worn trail: one you did not need to see to remember. It lead to

the lake, where Hawkfrost now rested. Your paws had dragged you there so many times that it was becoming second nature.

The scent of recently churned loam still lingered in the humidity as you breathed in the night air. You reached out, patting the ground a couple of times before finding what you were feeling for with a soft crunch: the withered petals of flowers you had laid there a moon ago.

And though your eyes couldn't see, they could still cry.

The moon rose steadily higher, marking the anniversary of Hawkfrost's passing at moon-high. Laying on the cold soil beside the sad, dried flowers, you found yourself drifting to sleep. It consumed your senses like a rolling fog, and before you knew it, you were dreaming.

A dark clearing in the forest loomed before you, and at its centre stood a cat you could recognise by presence alone. But something was different. Not about him, but about you. You could see him.

"Hey, you," Hawkfrost whispered at last, his voice still the same rich, playful sound you remembered. "I've missed you."

Words weren't nearly enough to express everything you felt in that moment. You took one step, then your paws took over, and you bounded to his side. You crashed into him so that you both stumbled, but you didn't care. You felt his fur, his breaths, his gentle touch once more.

"I missed you," you whispered, breathless with surprise and elation, "so, so much..."

"I have never stopped missing you, my flower," he purred, his amusement masked by the tightness in his throat--the slight break in his voice. You had never heard him so close to tears. "I'm so sorry..."

The gloomy forest surrounding you, the visual input overwhelming your virgin eyes, that nagging thought in the back of your mind that this was only temporary: none of that mattered. You felt at

peace for a brief moment. You felt at home.

You let your eyes flutter shut. You let the familiar scents, sounds, and tender touches swallow you. You let the pain go for as long as his embrace allowed. The two of you laid there, in the dim moonlight, dreading the moment the morning would sweep you away.

# Lionheart x Fem!Reader ~ Flowers

For Reesia.

It all started early one morning, when you were tasked with the dawn patrol. You awoke to find a single, pink flower beside your nest. At first, you brushed it off as merely the wind or a mistake. Then the next morning, another one had appeared. Then another. It wasn't until you decided to stay up through the night that you caught the culprit.

The moon was but a thin crescent now falling through the sky, but its silver glow still lit the clearing. It was a calm night, but the forest was alive with activity as always. Your ears twitched at the the gentle calls of songbirds and the distant hoot of an owl--but no paw steps yet.

The slightest commotion in the Warriors's den disturbed the peace, snapping you out of your sleep-like trance. You shrank back behind the nettles, waiting for a moment to pounce. Much to your surprise, Lionheart slunk out of the den toward the gorse tunnel. You crept out of your hiding place and silently followed him out of camp.

"Flowers, huh?" you spoke up, causing him to jump. "Kind of cliché, don't you think?"

Lionheart looked about as flustered as a kit that had seen an hawk. If his expression was any indication, he had turned red as a deathberry beneath his pelt.

"Oh, well, I--" He stumbled over his words,  struggling to form a coherent sentence--or excuse, rather. He shuffled his paws in the grass almost nervously. You just purred with laughter, echoing softly through the copse. Then he began to laugh too.

"You could have just told me you liked me," you teased, padding past him. Your tail flicked his ear playfully, and he ducked too late.

His eyes lit up with amusement. "Who said I liked you?"

"Well, the flowers were my first clue. Not very subtle."

He let out another *mrrow* of laughter. Then he paused, his head tilted in thought. "Come on, I want to show you something."

You pricked your ears curiously but received no answer, save for a beckoning swish of his tail; you obliged. He lead you through the forest and undergrowth until you reached a clearing not too far from the sandy hollow. The creek trickled gently nearby, but the sight was what stunned you most.

Wildflowers of all sizes dotted the grass. Their vibrant colours lit up against the inky forest floor by flickering fireflies. Lionheart's golden pelt shone bright with each blink of a bug nearby--his eyes even more so.

"It's beautiful," you meowed dreamily, more entranced by him now than the flowers.

"The most beautiful flowers... for the most beautiful she-cat," he purred, his dead-serious tone making you laugh softly again.

You shook your head at his flowery language but stepped closer until his thick mane of fur tickled your whiskers, which twitched in amusement. His eyes widened slightly in surprise, but he met you in the middle.

It felt surreal, pressed together at the cheek in your own little moonlit meadow. But you were a sucker for romantic gestures. Even more so for him.

# Blackstar x Reader ~ Nightmare

For kawaiiAsriel. Spoilers ahead!

The still night's silence was shattered by a strangled yowl from the other side of camp. Your ears pricked up at the sound, and you blinked grogginess from your eyes as you rose to your paws and stretched. It wasn't the first time this had happened. You followed the echoing cries into the leader's den to find Blackstar curled up tightly in his nest.

"Blackstar," you cooed, trying to wake him gently. You'd done this enough times to know better than to startle him awake. It didn't always work, and you flinched as he let out another pained whimper.

"Blackstar!" you hissed. This time, you prodded his flank with a paw until he was jolted from sleep. You leapt back cautiously.

"What..?" he murmured, disoriented. His breathing was heaving and his eyes wide. Slowly, he realised what must have happened, just looking more embarrassed than perplexed. You settled down at his side, laying your tail over his back for comfort. He didn't protest.

"It's alright," you purred, trying to ease his mind. You understood what it was like to have nightmares: the worst kind. Every cat had been through enough over these last several moons to leave a lasting mark. "It was just a dream. It's over now."

"I know..." he whispered, still trying to steady his breathing. He leant into you as the tenseness in his body slowly relaxed. "Thank you."

Silence enveloped the two of you as his breathing returned to normal, the chirp of insects outside the only sound. It wasn't

uncomfortable, but you sensed his reluctance to return to sleep. You didn't blame him either.

"Do you want to talk about it?" you asked, wrapping your tail comfortably around him. "I'm a good listener, you know."

He let out a little huff of laughter, but whatever was troubling him quickly washed away any trace of amusement. You blinked at him expectantly, but he looked the other way without a word.

"Hey..." you whispered coaxingly, tilting your head in an attempt to get his attention. "Look at me. Please."

His heart was no match for your pleas, and he knew it. His eyes met yours, their amber glow visible even in the darkness of the den. There was a haunted look there--one you knew all too well.

"I just..." he tried to explain but trailed off as he struggled to find the words. He swallowed the lump in his throat before continuing, "Every time I close my eyes... I see their faces."

There was such a tenderness and understanding in the way you looked at him in spite of the implications of his confession. It didn't make him feel weak or pathetic, just seen: seen for who he is and not as the leader everyone expects him to be. He loved that about you.

"The past may always follow us, but time changes things. It heals," you assured him, voice soft and sad but gaze full of that same care. He couldn't look away if he wanted to. "Things are different now. You're different now, and you're a good leader to us."

He didn't respond in fear that his voice might simply break. Instead, he blinked his gratitude and nuzzle his face into the soft fur of your neck. His chin settled atop your shoulders, but you couldn't tell whether he'd closed his eyes. So you went on.

"I know you feel guilty." You gave his shoulder a comforting lick, the tuft of your cheek brushing against his. "But I know they've watched how far you've come. They'd forgive you. I do. Try to forgive yourself."

His chest trembled against your side as he let out a shaky sigh. He reached for your tail with his own, gently intertwining them on the floor of the den. You let him. As much as you worried, it was comforting and warm to lay beside him, tangled up in one another.

When he finally spoke, his words surprised you but did not disappoint: "Please... tell me you'll stay with me."

"I'll stay," you whispered. "As long as you need me."

"And if I always need you?"

You purred with a soft laugh. "Always, then."

# Graystripe x Hairless!Reader ~ Always Have, Always Will

***WARNING: This chapter deals with difficult themes of bullying, depression, and suicide. If this makes you uncomfortable or may trigger you, please feel free to skip it. Reader discretion is advised.***

For FluffyDinosuars101.

The day started like any other day, but that was no consolation. The sun shone down on the camp, the forest was as lush green as ever, but it all looked dull to you. Waking up to the melodies of songbirds wasn't a luxury like it was to the others. Each day was a mountain to climb: one that you'd always end up at the bottom of no matter how high you climbed.

Most cats tried to hide their stares, but the endless sea of watchful eyes burned like the green-leaf sun on your bare skin. You weren't deaf either; you heard them talk, wonder, judge. The kits would always ask the same questions.

"What happened to all your fur?"

"Were you in a fire?"

"Why do you look like that?"

"Are you cold?"

It was just natural curiosity--you knew that--but it was exhausting. Not to mention the insults. They didn't know any better. But was that the first thing that went through every cat's head when they saw you? Sometimes you'd hear their mothers explaining your condition to them with an air of disgust or detachment. It was like you weren't even one of them.

Worse were the apprentices. They knew how to make it stick. They'd tease and taunt until some cat with more sense told them to stop--or to at least keep it between themselves.

So the day started like any other. You stretched, padded out of the den, and spotted the dawn patrol returning. Your eyes lit up at the sight of your best friend amongst them; Graystripe met your eye for a heartbeat before ducking his head. It stung, but it wasn't a new occurrence. You'd noticed him avoiding your eye as of late. Was he ashamed to know you? Disgusted to see you?

As long as you'd known him, he'd been the only cat to show you genuine kindness. Firestar had taken to standing up for you too as Graystripe's friend and a leader, putting mouthy apprentices on elders duty and such. You appreciated that in turn, but Graystripe was special. He was the only cat you ever loved.

Now he might be slipping away from you.

That was more than you could handle. Without him, there was no one who loved you, no one who would miss you. Your own parents had disowned you. No one would mourn. So you kept your head down like any other day, eventually slipping out through the gorse tunnel of camp when all eyes were--for once--elsewhere.

The river was beautiful like any other day too--glistening under the sun, crashing against the rocks, raging amid the gorge below. You'd imagined it this way before. Maybe you would drift downstream, beyond the territory. Maybe no one would have the displeasure of finding you. But it was harder than that.

You didn't want to die, not really: you wanted to live, you wanted to love, you just wanted to be someone else. You wanted to be normal. You thought you were ready, but here you were. Something was holding you back. Fear? Hope? No... it was the sound of pawsteps.

You heard the familiar voice of Graystripe calling your name, a sound you had missed dearly recently. But now his voice was full of concern, and you felt ashamed. "What are you--?"

He didn't finish, and he didn't need to. As if the stars had willed it so, the rock beneath your paws crumbled and the ground gave way. For a heartbeat, you felt weightless. The last thing you saw before disappearing over the ledge was Graystripe's yellow eyes filled with desperation.

Maybe you could've been happy with that. You didn't have time to decide before thorn-sharp fangs pierced your scruff, and you were slammed against the wall of the gorge.

When you awoke, the first thing you noticed was the stabbing pain in your head. You failed to stifle a groan as you came to fully, aching all over and dizzy. The stone walls of the medicine den weren't your only company, it turned out, as Cinderpelt padded over in response.

"Oh, you're awake," she meowed in a soft voice for the benefit of your throbbing headache, you assumed. "I just sent Graystripe away. He was here all night."

What? Something didn't add up in your head, and it wasn't because of the concussion. Why had Graystripe stayed with you after acting so strange for the last couple moons? You wondered if it was guilt. Maybe pity. Or had you misjudged his feelings? The frantic look in his eyes as you fell resurfaced in your mind.

"He did?" you asked simply, but your shaky voice betrayed your surprise and regret. You didn't want to get your hopes too high, but something was alight in your chest now. The pain in your head seemed an after thought in comparison.

"Yes. Didn't sleep a wink," Cinderpelt repeated. She seemed sincerely assuring, something you always liked about her. She'd never made fun of you either.

"Can I see him?" you asked eagerly, already trying to get to your paws.

"No, no!" Cinderpelt gasped and rushed to your side, half-guiding, half-swatting you back down into your nest. "I'll go get him. You need to rest."

You were slightly disappointed--and hated being coddled--but bursting with nervous excitement nonetheless. What should you say? Probably an apology for putting him through such an ordeal. Would he be mad? Would he even want to see you? Nonsense, he must still be your friend if he stayed by your side until he physically couldn't any longer. Right?

Cinderpelt returned moments later, Graystripe in tow. He looked exhausted, dragging his feet and hanging his tail. Then he met your gaze, and his eyes lit up. He perked up, bounding over to you with renewed energy and urgency.

"Oh, thank StarClan," he muttered as he dropped to the ground in front of you. "I was so scared, I thought you were going to-- I thought I lost you, I--" He was talking so fast he had to stop to breathe.

"You were?" you asked. For the first time in a long while, you felt hope swelling in your chest. Someone did care. He cared.

"Of course, I was!" he meowed frustratedly, almost offended by your suggestion. He took a deep, calming breath. "I don't know what I would do without you..."

That managed to bring you the first genuine happiness in what felt like seasons. But something was still bothering you. "I'm sorry... I just thought... I thought you hated me."

"Why would I hate you?" he asked, cocking his head in confusion. "We've been there for each other ever since I can remember. I lo--"

"Then why have you been avoiding me?" you interjected, trying to sound harsh but your voice coming out small and broken. Nothing the other cats could say or do hurt as much as being ignored by your best friend, your only friend. You didn't understand. Was this all an act? An afterthought?

He looked hurt and embarrassed at your outburst, but he shifted closer. You parted your jaws to speak again, to snap at him maybe, but your breath got caught in your throat as he laid his paws overtop of yours. It was almost uncomfortably close, but you froze.

Those yellow eyes of his felt like they were staring right through you--not gawking at you, just looking within.

"Avoid you? I'm in love with you, mouse-brain."

The concussion was acting up, you were sure of it. You'd hit your head harder than assumed. That or there was something wrong your with your ears. Your mind was all over the place, emotions even more so. This whole time, you thought he secretly hated you--thought everyone hated you--and he said he loved you?

"What? Me? You--?" You couldn't seem to get the words right. "You... you loved.. *me*?"

"I still do," he meowed confidently, sincerely. Whatever kit-like nervousness that had kept him quiet this long had vanished. He met your gaze without ducking his head in embarrassment. That's what it had been all the while? "If you had let me finish earlier, you would know you are everything to me, and I will *always* be there for you. You make me happy and nervous and Firestar would say a little bit crazy. Of course, I love you."

Now you wondered what other injuries you might have sustained, feeling the wind knocked out of you. You stared wide-eyed and slack-jawed. It felt like a dream. Now you felt a fool for never confessing your own feelings; you always thought he was just too good for you. You never imagined he might feel even half of what you felt.

"I-I love you, too," you whispered, voice cracking horribly. You couldn't bring yourself to be embarrassed by it in that moment.

Graystripe pressed his muzzle to yours tenderly, and you nervously reciprocated. You blinked away tears as he shuffled closer to rest his chin atop your head. You nuzzled your face into the soft fur of his chest, purring at the pleasant sensation against your skin. With a sigh, you all but melted into him, surrendering to his gentle embrace.

"I promise, I won't let anyone hurt you again." His voice was soft and raspy in your ear as he spoke. The butterflies in your stomach

erupted again. "And I think you're beautiful."

You let out a pathetic little mewl, still muffled by his fur; it was impossible not to, hearing that for the first time. From the cat that you loved. The cat that loved *you*.

# Return of The Prodigal

Dearest readers,

Yes, you read that right: I am back!

It may have been years since I last touched a Warriors book, I may not have published a single chapter on here in the last five years, I may not even have readers anymore, but by StarClan, that has not stopped me from reclaiming my hyperfixation!

I have no idea how long my autism-fueled brain will be able to keep up, but I have edited each chapter for quality purposes and--drum roll, please--prepare yourselves for brand new updates! Made a request that I never got to? My apologies, firstly, but consider me on the case! Want to make a new request? I've opened them back up, go crazy!

If you're new here: welcome, I love you. You are forewarned that I may vanish with no-motivation-syndrome, but I shall try not to disappoint.

With love and thanks, your author,

Val

# Jayfeather x Reader ~ Lovesickness

Thunder rumbled overhead as the heavy rain sent splatters of mud splashing up your legs. With a groan of disgust, you shook your paws in an attempt to dry them slightly, but the grass was so wet that it didn't make any difference. As thunder shook the sky again, you pushed through the hedge surrounding the hollow and made your way into camp.

Your paws smacked the muddy ground as you padded over to the medicine den as you so often did. You poked your head inside to ensure no other cats were there before stepping in entirely, muddy pawprints in your wake.

Jayfeather's ears twitched at the sound of your pawsteps, and he turned in your direction. His jaws parted to speak, but he recoiled in disgust as you shook your soaked pelt.

"Thanks for bringing the storm with you," he meowed sarcastically, flicking a stray speck of mud from his own paw.

"You're welcome," you meowed sweetly, though Jayfeather didn't seem amused. He simply turned back to whatever work it was that kept him busy in the comfort of the dry den.

"What can I help with?" he asked--though obviously didn't care--with his back still turned.

"Cracked pads... all this rain, you know," you lied. It was smooth, quick off the top of your head, yet not at all convincing. At some point, you'd stopped trying to make up excuses to visit the medicine den.

To your surprise, he let out a soft *mrrow* of laughter. It was almost inaudible over the drumming of the rain outside, but it sounded genuine rather than his usual mocking tone.

"Now you're just making things up," he meowed, that same amusement still evident in his tone.

"No, no, I'm serious," you insisted sarcastically. You lifted a forepaw up as you padded over to his side, limping dramatically so as to be heard. "I think you better feel for yourself."

Jayfeather rolled his eyes at your antics but decided to humour you. Turning to face you once more, he motioned for you to sit. You obliged happily, still holding out one paw. He sat across from you, doing his best to assess your alleged wounds through touch.

"I don't feel anything," he deadpanned, letting your paw fall to the ground.

"Really? Maybe you should lick it--ow!" You cut yourself off abruptly as he cuffed you around the ear for that suggestion. "Okay, okay, I'll take your word for it."

"You should listen to me more often," he meowed, still sitting across from you rather than returning to his work, you noticed. "You might get in less trouble that way."

"Well, how else am I supposed to find the time to see you?" The joke left your mouth before you could think better of it, and you immediately regretted offering him that ammunition.

"I knew it!" he exclaimed, half-excitedly and half-accusatorially. You hid your face in the crook of your (allegedly) injured paw with a sigh of defeat.

"You caught me," you grumbled, peeking out at him curiously. He was on his paws now, but he didn't betray much emotion. Surely he wasn't angry? If anything, you'd just turn into the cat who cried fox, right?

He took a step closer, and you slowly unveiled your face. You stared in awe; he stared back blankly. His head tilted to the side, as if perplexed. There was silence save for the pattering rain and a long rumble of thunder in the distance.

"You should be out there helping, you know," Jayfeather finally

meowed, his voice smooth and clear but hardly above a whisper.

"I know," you whispered in answer after a moment's hesitation--or speechlessness, rather.

The exchange was simple and shouldn't have meant anything more than an admonishment, but it felt heavier than that. It felt like something unspoken had just been bared: the acknowledgement that you were meant to be elsewhere, the admission that you were here by choice. It felt like his unseeing eyes somehow saw right through you.

There was silence again. You nearly jumped out of your fur as thunder crashed nearby. Jayfeather let out a little huff of amusement, his breath tickling your whiskers. He was no more than a mouse-length away, the air between you heavy with tension--or maybe that was just the humidity from the storm.

A heartbeat passed. Then another. Then your heart skipped a beat entirely as he closed the distance between you. You couldn't hear the storm anymore, or maybe it just didn't matter, the chill of the rain forgotten in favour of the warmth of his muzzle gently pressed to yours.

It was the briefest of touches before he took a step back, but it felt like time had frozen. He looked slightly nervous now, and you were glad he couldn't see your dumbstruck face.

"Now get back out there," he meowed softly, gesturing toward the entrance of the den. You dipped your head as he turned and padded back across the den, biting your tongue to get your thoughts together before anything stupid could come out of your mouth.

"I think I need to stay a little longer," you meowed innocently, shuffling your paws in front of you out of giddiness or nerves or both. The sound of his pawsteps went quiet in response.

"And why's that?"

"I think I'm lovesick."

# Mothwing x Reader ~ Blessings

Unbelievably late request for -maqic-. Like six years late. Please forgive me.

"I honestly don't get why you keep bringing this up."

Mothwing didn't turn to face you as she spoke, but she didn't need to; the roll of her eyes was evident in her tone. She had become quite blasé about your repeated, not-so-subtle attempts to change her mind. Even now, as she stood in the shallow water and plucked herbs from the stream bed, you couldn't help yourself from slipping little hints into the conversation. She wondered if that was the sole reason you had volunteered to accompany her.

Truthfully, you just liked to spend time with her, no matter what the topic of conversation or the weather conditions these treks involved. Yet the conversation always led back to this somehow. You did your best to be persuasive without pressing--which was difficult at times--but you'd been friends long enough that she knew your intentions were innocent. That didn't make them any more convincing, however.

"I don't know what you're talking about," you meowed airily, kneading your paws in the mud with a faint squelch. This finally earned you Mothwing's gaze, and you couldn't hide the way your whiskers twitched in amusement at the disgruntled look on her face.

"Look, I appreciate your concern, I do," she meowed with genuine fondness. The sound made the butterflies in your stomach flitter to life, a feeling you never could quite quash. "But it's not a matter of whether I believe you, because *I do*. I know you have your reasons to believe in StarClan; it just shouldn't be a big deal that I don't."

"I know..." You shuffled your paws again guiltily, dropping your eyes to the muddy prints you'd made in front of you. But still, you

couldn't understand. She was a medicine cat for StarClan's sake! Surely they could convince her themselves, but here you were again, taking matters into your own hands. "And I'm grateful that you've taken me into your confidence, but... I just don't understand."

"Do you have to?" she asked, tilting her head inquisitively. You met her eyes, almost forgetting about the question in favour of getting lost in their rich colour.

"I... suppose not, no," you conceded, dropping your gaze to your paws once more. But you just couldn't let it go. "Is my word--the word of your fellow medicine cats, even--not good enough for you?"

There was a beat of silence, and you worried you had said the wrong thing. You lifted your gaze to see a slightly saddened look on her face. That was it, now you'd done it, you thought.

"You know that's not what I mean," she meowed at last, and it was sincere. That regretful tug at your heartstrings strengthened again. "It's not that I don't want to, I wish I could, but I can't just take your word for it. It's... more complicated than that. I'll believe it when I see it--personally."

With that, Mothwing turned back to collecting herbs, effectively ending the argument. Your gaze fell back to the ground. You sat in stubborn silence for a moment, pawing at the soft soil absent-mindedly.

"I've seen you," you muttered under your breath, dissatisfied still. "That's proof enough for me."

The silence between you was suddenly oddly still, the trickle of the stream uninterrupted by Mothwing's movements now. You had the nagging feeling that she was staring at you, and a cold wave of dread washed over you; she hadn't heard you, had she?

"What did you say?"

Sure enough, you lifted your downcast eyes and were met with her own perplexed, wide-eyed gaze. That cold feeling quickly swung the

other way, a hot rush of embarrassment replacing it.

"Oh... did I say that out loud?" you joked awkwardly but failed miserably at diffusing the tension.

"You did," was all she said in response, giving a soft nod of her head.

"Well, here goes nothing," you mumbled to yourself again. Once more, you raked your claws through the mud nervously, watching the lines well up with water. "I know we don't always--well, often--see eye to eye, and you're the medicine cat and all, but I... I really enjoy spending time with you, and I've been so much happier ever since we met, and I think I'd be the luckiest cat alive if--"

You nearly choked on your tongue as Mothwing cut you off, having appeared directly in front of you while your eyes were focused on your paws. She lifted your gaze to meet hers with a paw beneath your chin, her fur wet with the cool, new-leaf stream water; you weren't sure whether it was the cause of the shiver down your spine or not. Now it was your turn to stare, wide-eyed and bewildered.

"And what does this have to do with anything?" she asked, almost teasingly. It did nothing to alleviate the nerves twisting your stomach, yet you didn't dare take a step back. Not when you were this close.

You swallowed the lump in your throat. "I mean... If you're not a blessing from StarClan, then I-I don't know what is."

Silence. Then Mothwing let out a *mrrow* of laughter. You breathed a sigh of relief, but butterflies still fluttered in your gut. Maybe you'd never get used to that.

"You could have just led with that, you know," she teased. Her paw no longer held your chin, but she lifted it and flicked droplets of water from her fur onto your whiskers. The sensation caused you to shake.

"Oh, shut up," you grumbled, returning the playful gesture.

"Ack!" She recoiled as you splattered her muzzle with mud, only

making you purr with laughter this time. In her attempts to wipe it away, she merely smeared it across her golden fur; she looked no less beautiful in your eyes. A mischievous idea struck you.

"Here, let me get that for you..." you offered patronisingly, sticking out your tongue and stepping closer to her.

Your intent registered with her, and she took off toward the stream with you on her tail. You nearly ran into her when she abruptly rounded on you, splashing you with a swipe of her paw to keep you at bay. The chill of the water caused you to yelp softly; then you let out a huff of laughter as your eyes landed on her wiping the mud off her muzzle with a wet paw.

"Come on, let's head back before you catch a chill," she meowed, still sounding amused and slightly breathless from her dash through the mud.

"What, you're not worried about little old me, are you?" you teased. Mothwing only rolled her eyes in response. "Awe, you do care!"

"Of course, I do," she murmured, almost shyly. Still, she gave you a smack with her tail for good measure as she brushed past you to collect the pile of herbs on the bank. "I believe in you, don't I?"

With that, you purred happily and bounded after her. The two of you padded off to camp side-by-side, a giddy feeling warming you despite your wet fur and the cool breeze. You were content, even if just for a moment--even though you'd have to part when you eventually reached camp.